# The Seduction of Auror Malfoy

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# The Seduction of Auror Malfoy

by greenmegsnoham

Summary

When Draco discovers Harry's fury for taking his son on as Draco's trainee, he was eager to have Albus under his power.

Yet he would be the one who was truly powerless.

Notes

Thanks to my betas PhenomenalAsterisk and Wheelsmcgraw!

**Prompt #7** - Harry and Draco never got past the antagonistic relationship of their childhood years. It's cool, at best, with an underlying resentment that hasn't disappeared. When Albus applies to train/apprentice under Draco, Draco finds a way to stick it to his nemesis, once and for all

See the end of the work for more notes

"I forbid it!" bellowed Harry, slamming his fist on the desk.

Draco's inkwell toppled onto its side, its contents spilling onto the wood and soaking the open case file. After a quick Scourgify, Draco leaned back in his chair, arms folded against his chest as he regarded the incensed man with amusement.

"I don't believe you have that authority, Potter."

"Rescind it, then. Tell Robards to give you someone else. *Anyone* else."

Draco's silver eyes flashed with defiance as he grasped his chin in mock consideration. "No, I don't think I will." His lip curled into a wicked grin.

Draco loved watching the exact moment when he tipped Potter over the edge. The slight tremor of his eyebrow below the scar as his eyes bulged. The twitch of his jaw as he ground his teeth. To think that after over 30 years, Draco continued to find new ways to torment the great Harry Potter. If an opportunity happened to present itself so effortlessly, who was he to object to such a gift?

"Malfoy, I swear if you as much as—"

"What? As much as what?" Draco challenged, leaning forward. "Harm a single hair on his head?" he mocked. "You can't be serious, Potter. Do you really think I have so little regard for my position? Would you stoop so low if roles were reversed?"

"Teh. Thank Merlin, that will never happen," huffed Harry, provoking a piercing glare from the blonde. "He's still a kid, Malfoy. Albus has nothing to do with this." He gestured between them. "Don't treat him like he's *my* son."

Draco stood, smiling roguishly as his long, pale fingers grasped Harry's shoulder. "I don't plan to, Potter. Now get the fuck out of my office."

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After what could have only been forty minutes of peace, the door to Draco's office creaked open. Only Harry had the gall to enter unannounced. He'd attempted various forms of Potter Prevention and Privacy charms over the years but to no avail. Draco had damn near cast a Fidelius charm, but Robards thought it an *unreasonable* request. He wasn't the one with Potter spitting down his neck every other day.

"Potter, I told you to get the fuck out!" he snapped as the nib of his quill slashed across his case report. "I'm well enough behind without your idiotic—"

"Er...sorry, sir," said the intruder, the door clicking shut behind him. "Robards said you were expecting me."

Draco tensed as he looked up, eyes widening. Draco knew Harry's voice as well as his own after three solid decades of bickering. Albus' had the same smooth rasp of Harry's when he was nervous or on edge. Merlin, he even looked like Harry.

Instead of crumpling under the intensity of Draco's stare, Albus shot him an impish grin. Draco's mouth fell open slightly before regaining his composure. Straightening himself, Draco cast a repairing charm on the parchment and pushed it to the side.

"Right. Other...Potter," he coughed. "I thought—"

"I was Dad?"

Where Draco thought he would find spitting retorts to defend his father, resentment or animosity, he found sparkling green eyes. Albus ran fingers through his hair as he held Draco's gaze, slowly dragging a tongue against his lips.

Draco cursed himself for the twinge of heat that arose with the gesture. This calm cocky demeanour wouldn't fool him. Just as arrogant as his father, no doubt. The child of Potter. Spoiled rotten since birth, to be sure. For this boy to walk in and speak to Draco so casually was...quite unexpected.

Apart from Harry, no one in the Auror Department dared meet Draco toe to toe, knowing full well it would be a fight easily lost. Draco was one of the best in the department. The best. If Albus were to be his fledgeling, he would have to learn his place. No more smug smiles and playful glances.

Draco kicked back his chair as he stood, frowning as he made a show of taking his measure. Albus did not flinch or attempt a retreat as Draco approached him. Halting barely a pace from him, Draco crossed his arms as he mustered up his signature Malfoy facade. Confident, sharp, dominating. A force to be reckoned with.

He would have the boy quaking in his boots before lunch.

"That's Auror Potter," he said sharply. "While you are on duty, you are to address your superiors accordingly. You will address me as Auror Malfoy, or sir."

Albus' green eyes met Draco's. Though his jaw was set, a ghost of a smile twitched at the corner of Albus' mouth.

"Yes, *sir."*

Draco's breath hitched. It had come out as more of a purr than an affirmative. Draco clenched his jaw as he nodded his head in the direction of the small desk shoved in the corner of the cramped office, already stacked high with memos, case files, and reports.

"File those," said Draco sharply, turning on his heels to return to his desk. "They're to be categorised by date and alphabetically stored." He pointed to the singular enchanted filing cabinet beside the desk. "There."

Draco was meticulous when it came to organisation and archiving. Nothing out of place or taking up unnecessary space. However, he may or may not have pulled out various stacks of previously stored files as a welcome gift for the Potter brat. Draco had nearly fainted at the sight of such chaos and disarray, but he knew it was temporary. Necessary.

"Wasn't aware that filing kept the streets clean and children safe," chuckled Albus as he walked toward the stack, pulling his wand from his pocket.

'Accio wand,' thought Draco, and Albus' wand flew directly into his hand. "No magic. And how embarrassed you must feel to have been disarmed on your very first day." Draco inspected the wand, held delicately between his fingers. "It's almost sa—"

*CRACK!*

Where the wand had been, a rubber chicken was left in its place, with Draco's fist gripped tightly around its neck.

"Accio, wand!"

Draco, too gobsmacked to react, felt his own wand swipe across his thigh as it slipped from its sheath, flying straight into Albus' outstretched hand. His actual wand slid gracefully back into his pocket.

"How embarrassed you must feel to have been disarmed by your *trainee."*

*Cheeky little shit.*

Draco's brow pinched in irritation, but he couldn't help but be slightly impressed. No one had disarmed Draco in over five years. He wouldn't underestimate the boy again.

Draco wandlessly transfigured the chicken into a ceramic mug and set it gracefully onto the desk, '#1 BOSS' embossed on its side. Albus snorted as he extended his hand, Draco's wand resting on his palm. "I believe this is yours, sir."

Draco stomped toward Albus, snatching his wand before turning back toward his desk.

"I was looking forward to learning from the best. I'm a bit disappointed."

Draco halted, his nostrils flaring as he spun around. His fingers knitted in the front of the boy's shirt, slamming him against the wall.

"I'll let it go this time, *Trainee Potter,"* spitting the name in disgust. "Another act of insubordination, and you'll be *begging* Robards for a transfer."

"I highly doubt that." Albus' eyes flashed with heat. "Though I do love to beg."

Draco's grip slackened. He was so close to the boy's nose he could count every freckle. So like his father in every other way, apart from those bloody freckles. He snarled as he released Albus' shirt, storming back to his desk.

"Filing. Now."

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"Demon's spawn!" hissed Draco, pacing in front of Harry's desk. "I thought for sure he'd be vexing, but this disrespectful welp has no place in this department!"

Harry smiled against his fist, biting back a laugh. "I gave you an out, Malfoy. You decided not to take it."

Draco placed his hands on the desk, glaring at him. "You planned for this, didn't you? You worked your blasted muggle reverse-psychology drabble on me! You knew he'd be like this."

Harry placed his hands behind his head. "You make it so easy. It's not my fault you live your life determined to spite me at every turn. I think you've finally met your match, Malfoy. Stay strong. He can smell fear."

Draco wanted to smack the cocky grin from Harry's face. "I cannot be responsible for my actions, Potter," he snarled. "You handed me a spoiled pup, but *I* am the Alpha."

Harry shook his head, laughing, "Good luck, Malfoy."

Draco slammed the door behind him.

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Draco had never slept so fitfully since the war—when the lines of nightmares and reality blurred. But instead of endless death, fear, and pain, he was haunted by cheeky grins, brown freckles, and deep green eyes. Not quite the same as Harry's. There was a ring of gold along the edge of the irises, like a field of grass caught fire.

*"I do like to beg."*

Draco realised in that moment that he was undeniably hard. "Insolent bastard!" he hissed, tossing a pillow across the room.

Draco had his work cut out for him, but if anyone could break the boy, it would be him.

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As infuriating as Albus was, he was exceptionally gifted. No other trainees stood a chance when they were matched up to duel. Robards had praised Draco publicly for his tutelage, which had left the blonde preening, though knowing full well that Albus' skills were all his own.

Draco had started to sense a level of ferocity in Albus that pushed further than innate abilities. Albus wanted to be his own man; that was obvious. Not Harry Potter's son. The only way this would be possible would be to beat The Man Who Lived at his own game. His own *life.* Draco could see it in his eyes, the eyes he'd been studying slowly over the passing weeks. He looked at his father with such intensity—a far different intensity than he regarded Draco.

Draco had tried to ignore it, the way Albus' deep, sultry voice made his skin prickle, that his eyes seemed to burn into his soul or that a tiny quirk of the mouth made Draco's chest ache. He was disgusted with himself. Albus was a child. *Potter's* child. Not to mention his subordinate.

He'd considered confronting Robards for a transfer but almost immediately thought against it. Albus might be a thorn in his side, but at least the boy was competent. On several occasions, he'd seen Greengrass' mentee tripping over air, spells backfiring with no rational explanation.

No. Albus required very little of Draco, apart from his approval. He always sought him out for a nod of acknowledgement to know Draco had been watching. It was as if none of it mattered if Draco wasn't there to witness it. He wasn't his father, but Draco knew Albus wanted to make him proud. To be *worthy,* he'd said. It still gave Draco chills.

If Albus was genuinely determined to beat his father, it was time for Draco to actually do his job and train the boy. If Albus could master Occlumency and Legilimency, they'd both have the upper hand. Though he hated to admit it, Harry was an exceptional wizard. However, he had never quite mastered the sorcery of the mind. It was Draco they sent into interrogations. Not only was his demeanour intimidating, he could carve into their minds like a hot knife through butter.

When Albus had arrived that morning, Draco had cleared the office, leaving only two chairs facing each other in the centre of the office. Albus walked toward them, his brow furrowed in question.

"I thought we had a reconnaissance lecture today."

The corner of Draco's mouth lifted slightly, and he took a seat, gesturing for Albus to take the other. Anything Robards had to say was for the sake of the weak-minded. The Harry Potters. Those who required alternative means to acquire information. Only Draco could provide Albus with the training he deserved.

"So is this when we open up about your troubled childhood and my daddy issues?" asked Albus with that blasted smirk that made Draco weak in the knees.

Since that first day, Draco had made every effort not to study the boy too closely. Best not to focus too much attention and encourage Albus' forwardness. Now that they sat facing one another, Draco took a moment to examine the boy. He reminded Draco of Harry less and less with each passing day. His face was long and round like his mother's. His thick black hair less of a bird's nest like his father's but more an effortless, sleek cluster of soft curls. Draco wondered how they would feel between his fingers.

Aware of Draco's scrutiny, the boy tossed his head to the side to clear the fringe from his eyes, exposing his long tanned neck. More freckles trailed along the base of his throat and onto his chest. Draco sucked in a breath as he cleared his mind.

"No, *Trainee Potter.* As intrigued as I am, we are not here for a therapy session. I will be teaching you one of the most important sects of magic that an Auror could possess. Occlumency and Legilimency."

Albus leaned forward in his chair, his eyes widening. "You're joking. Even Da—Auror Potter can't do it properly."

Draco smiled menacingly. "So, Mr Daddy-issues. Ready to show up the Savior?"

Albus licked his lips. "Do your worst, *sir."*

Draco didn't think he would ever get used to the way the word spilt so intimately from Albus' lips, but he could not find it in himself to make the boy stop.

"Close your eyes," said Draco. "Clear your mind. Focus purely on your breathing."

Albus' eyelids shuttered. He leaned back in his chair, his breathing slow and steady.

"Match my breath, Potter. Inhale...and exhale...good."

With each breath, Albus' eyelashes fluttered. Without his heated and penetrating stares, the boy looked so peaceful. Harmless and vulnerable. Draco wanted to brush his thumb across those thick lashes. Albus, noting the disruption in Draco's breathing, peeked through his eyelids at the blonde.

"Keep breathing, Potter," said Draco, a bit flustered. "Good. Does your mind feel empty? Or as empty as you imagine it could be?"

Albus nodded, not opening his eyes.

"Now reach for your magic, pulling it into your chest. Let it build there. Then, slowly guide it upward, envelop your mind. Imagine an impenetrable fortress of titanium surrounding your thoughts and memories. One that no one may breach without your consent."

Albus' face scrunched in concentration.

"Relax. Focus," said Draco. Albus' expression softened. "Good. Now—" Draco pulled out his wand, "—I'm going to try and break through. Are you ready, Potter?"

Albus gave him a slight nod.

*"Legilimens."*

It was not quite a wall, but a thick fog clouded Draco's vision. As he pressed onward, the fog began to clear.

*"You think I want to be like you?!" screamed Albus.*

*"Well, I don't see you becoming a florist!" said an exasperated Harry.*

*Albus let out a forced laugh, "You really are full of yourself, you know that? Everyone worships the great Harry Potter. I'm sick of living in your shadow!"*

*"Then why an Auror, Albus?!"*

*"I have something to prove," he growled.*

*"Really, and what's that?"*

*"That I'm better than you!"*

The fog thickened, and Draco felt himself being pushed out and away from the memory. He hadn't been cast out entirely, just floating at the edge of Albus' mind.

Draco released Albus, who fell forward panting.

"Not bad, Potter," said Draco. "You nearly forced me out."

Albus wiped his brow before meeting Draco's cool silver gaze. "Do you think I could? Be better than him, I mean," asked Albus, acknowledging what Draco had seen.

"I think you already are."

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They spent three hours on Albus' Occlumency training. At two hours in, Albus was able to keep Draco out entirely. Next, they worked on partitioning his memories, allowing for select thoughts to be accessed, while others remained sealed off and protected.

Perspiration beaded Albus' brow, the collar of his shirt drenched in sweat under the strain of the session. Having managed to compartmentalise all memories of his mother from those of his father, Draco deemed the day a success.

The competition of Harry v. Albus had Draco quite amused. Harry hadn't been joking. He really had thought he'd provided Draco with an impossible task. Insolent and arrogant, yes. But Albus had never crossed the line of disrespect with Draco. As close as he toed the line, it wasn't quite disrespect, but a different line entirely.

"Well done, Potter," said Draco, genuinely impressed. "You really aren't anything like your father."

"You hate my father."

"Hate is a strong word, but I do not care for him, no."

Albus pushed his sweaty fringe from his brow, mussing up his lazy curls as he held Draco's gaze. "Good."

Draco's eyes narrowed, watching a bead of sweat trickle down his neck and chest, disappearing beneath the collar of his shirt.

"I don't want you to see him when you look at me, sir," said Albus.

"I don't."

The corner of Albus' mouth quirked up. "I'd like to try one more go."

Draco shook his head. "You're exhausted. You need a shower and a hot meal. The last thing you need is for me to have free reign of the darkest corners of your mind."

Albus' eyes darkened as he smiled in interest. "Maybe I want you playing around in the darkest corners of me."

Draco felt a growl build in his chest. "Go home, Potter. Shower. Eat. Rest." he said, standing from his chair. "We'll continue tomorrow."

"Yes, sir," said Albus with a flicker of disappointment. The boy picked up his rucksack and made his way to the door.

Draco immediately warded his office and cast a silencing charm as he visited the darkest corners of his own mind. Taking himself in hand, he could see his hand tightly gripping a long tanned neck as he thrust into his fist.

When release overtook him, and his climax ebbed, Draco realised he had failed. Albus had not been broken. Draco was the one shattered at his feet.

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"Occlumency, Malfoy?!"

"Ah, yes. Occlumency, Potter, is the ability to guard one's mind against—"

"Cut the shit!" Harry looked ready to strangle Draco but kept his fists clenched at his sides. "I know what you're doing. You're just using him to get to me—for information. Albus isn't a tool for your pleasure!"

If he only knew.

"You're too strong, Malfoy. If I can't do it, Albus sure as Merlin can't do much better," Harry continued gruffly.

"As a matter of fact, Potter, it is our mutual goal to prove he is, in fact, a better wizard than you in all regards. I care not what drivel happens about in that boy's mind, as long as he masters Occlumency and Legilimency. Which, I might add, is going exceptionally. I must thank Ginevra for supplying your children with proper brains."

"Fuck you, Malfoy. It's more than that, and you know it!"

Draco threw his hands in exasperation. "Can you hear yourself?! If you are truly so enraged by my desire to teach your son vital skills to prepare him for a potentially unprecedented tenure as an Auror, by all means, put an end to it! I'll draft a memo for Robards to expel him from the program if that is your desire!"

"Of course I don't want Albus expelled! I only think you are pushing him too far too quickly. He's only eighteen! He has years of training ahead of him."

Draco poked Harry firmly in the chest. "Don't you dare think for one moment that you have Albus' best interest at heart."

Draco could see the fire in Harry's eyes, the words building on his tongue, but he couldn't deny it. Draco'd go to war for Albus if he had to. It was his duty as a mentor.

At least that was what he was telling himself.

---

"Thanks," said Albus, taking his seat across from Draco the following morning.

"Pardon?"

"With...you know…."

"Ah."

"Yeah."

"I didn't do a bloody thing. Your exceptional abilities carry their own weight with or without my help."

Albus smiled as his cheeks flushed. "Exceptional, huh?"

Draco rolled his eyes. "You've more brains than a blast-ended skrewt, at the very least. Which is more to say than your father."

Albus burst into laughter. Draco had yet to see him smile like that: his mouth wide with the joy meeting his eyes. It melted Draco's cold heart. Draco bit back his own laughter as Albus wiped his eyes.

"Sorry. I don't know why that was so funny."

"Because it's a fact?"

Albus smiled at him. "So. What are we doing today?"

Draco noticed Albus slide a foot to the outside of his chair, his thighs spreading wider as he stretched. His shirt lifted ever so slightly to reveal his toned stomach, dark hair trailing from his navel to the band of his trousers. Draco's cheeks flushed with heat. When he caught Albus' eye again, the boy had a lip between his teeth, raking his eyes over Draco in kind.

Draco cleared his throat, regaining composure. "We will pick up where we left off yesterday."

"With wanting you to play around inside me?"

Draco gulped. There was no denying the blush that covered his cheeks and neck. "N-no. With partitioning your mind. You were quite close, I think within an hour or so you'll have it."

Albus leaned forward, resting his elbows on his needs. "Alright, then."

"Let me know when you are ready."

Albus closed his eyes, his breathing even before nodding at Draco.

Draco raised his wand. *"Legilimens."*

Nothing could have prepared Draco for what awaited him.

*"Yes! Fuck...yes...harder."*

*Albus was bent over his desk, Draco's cock buried in his arse as he begged for more.*

*"Insolent brat," growled Draco. "You will know your place!"*

*"Yes...I will. Please...I'll be good...so good...please...fill me with your come...ugh!"*

*Draco knitted his fingers into the dark curls as he thrust hard and deep, Albus grappling for purchase on the edge of the desk.*

*"Such a filthy boy, lusting for your master. If only your father could see what you've become…."*

*"Please...sir...I want it all…" Albus' pulsing cock bobbed up and down, begging to be touched, precome leaking onto the floor. "Please! I'll be good...ugh...so very good…."*

*Draco slapped Albus' firm buttock, the boy crying out as his come splattered on the edge of the desk. The groan escaping Draco was proof of his release, deep within Albus' heat.*

The cries and moans rattled Draco's bones. He could feel his cock swelling as he, with extreme difficulty, ripped himself from Albus' mind.

He heard the soft murmur of a silencing charm. When Draco opened his eyes, Albus was already towering over him, placing a hand on the chair back above his shoulder. Frozen in place, all he could do was stare into lust-filled eyes. Draco shuddered as Albus dragged a finger along his sharp jaw. Draco grabbed his wrist, staring at the boy with wavering defiance.

"You did say," Albus purred, "One more act of insubordination, and you'll have me begging..."

Filing cabinets flew open, folios and parchment flew into the air in a cyclone, scattering to the floor. Draco jumped to his feet in a rage, Albus stumbling back, eyes wide with shock, a smile lingering on his lips. It was just as he wanted, and Draco did not care.

"You go too far, Potter!" spat Draco, grabbing the front of Albus' shirt.

His breath hitched as Albus placed a warm palm against his growing erection. Draco's grip tightened, but he didn't shove the boy away. He should push him away. Now.

"Yeah, what are you going to do about it, *sir,"* Albus breathed into his ear as he pressed into Draco's groin. "I think I should be punished...and I know you want to."

Draco snarled as he managed to shove Albus back. The boy stumbled back, slipping on the scattered papers at their feet.

"I will not be used as a means to get back at your father, Potter! That's what this is, isn't it? By fucking his rival?!"

The heat in Draco's groin intensified. His cock twitched uncomfortably in his tightening trousers, yearning to be freed. To fill that sweet arse. To claim it. Draco'd be lying if he

denied that the same thought crossed his mind that very first day—the moment they'd locked eyes, Albus flat against the wall. The perfect revenge, he'd thought. After all these years. Potter's son at Draco's mercy.

But it was more than that. Albus' green and gold eyes stripped him bare, the desire to bury his face in the soft curls before kissing every freckle on his nose. The raw power that Albus possessed was intoxicating. He wanted more. To surround himself in his magic. With Albus. He wanted to claim, but he also wanted to be claimed.

*Mine.*

Albus gripped the edge of his desk as he regained his footing, staring up at the blonde man with silver eyes of icy fire.

"What do you want, Albus," growled Draco through clenched teeth, approaching him slowly.

He was too old for games—hasty fucks only for release. For either of their revenge. Draco wouldn't take him if that were all that it was.

"You," the boy breathed. "Everything. Everything you'll give me."

Draco's heart clenched at the vulnerability and sincerity laced in those words. He had to be sure.

Draco had Albus backed against the wall, their noses nearly touching. "I. Don't. Play. Games."

"I'm not playing games. At least... not like that."

"And why should I trust a word from that filthy mouth?"

Albus closed his eyes, leaning forward to rest his forehead against Draco's. "Just look."

It took everything in Draco not to rut against the boy right then and there, their cocks nearly brushing against one another, but he would stay his hand. He could kick the boy out on his arse if he had to. He was no fool.

> "Al, I need you to take a cloak to your father," said Ginny, pulling a grey travelling cloak from the hall closet.
>
> Albus was sitting at the kitchen table, books and parchment strewed out before him. He looked up from his homework, frowning.
>
> "Can't James take it?" he groaned. "At least he can apparate."
>
> Ginny gave him a pointed look. "Al, if you want to be an Auror, you really should visit your father at work a few times while you're home. See what it's like. You only have a few months left at school and—"

"You just want me to change my mind," said Albus, closing his book before hopping off the stool. "But I'm not going to."

Ginny let out a resigned sigh. "I know. I just want you to know what you are getting into. You know how it is...how your father…."

"I know," said Albus, grabbing the cloak before pulling her into a hug.

"I really wish you could get along," she sighed.

"I know."

---

"Dad, who's that?"

He was sitting on his father's desk, sandwich in hand as Harry's sat untouched. Bent over his paperwork, Harry let out a huff of annoyance.

"Who?"

Albus nodded toward Draco, who was deep in conversation with Greengrass across the hall. He admired the way Draco's fringe fell gracefully over his brow before combing it back with his fingers as he leaned over the stack of parchment the woman held before him. Albus bit his lip as his gaze traced the length of Draco's neck, following the soft curve of his back, lingering on his tight arse.

"Teh. That's Malfoy," Harry scoffed, leaning back in his chair.

*"The* Malfoy?"

Harry nodded, his frown deepening. "You best stay away from him. Trust me. He's been out for me since we were kids. I'm sure he wouldn't hesitate to give you a hard time just because you're my son."

Albus took a bite of his sandwich, eyes still on Draco. "Right. Because you're so amicable…." he murmured.

Suddenly, hard silver eyes glanced his way, and Albus choked on his sandwich.

"Al! You okay?" asked Harry standing to clap him on the back.

Albus nodded, coughing, brushing off his father's touch, "Yeah. Fine."

His cheeks flushed with embarrassment. Albus chanced a glance at the blonde man, and to the lazy smirk that had replaced the cold frown of indifference. Al's mouth gaped as the man's button-down shirt stretched taut against his chest and biceps as he pushed back his hair, turning to retreat down the corridor.

Albus hadn't realised he'd made his way into the doorway, watching the man's confident stride before ducking into what appeared to be his office.

"Al?"

Blinking furiously, Albus turned toward his father, who was staring at him quizzically.

"Sorry, I don't—" Albus shot him a forced smile. "Are you going to eat that or not?"

---

"Hey, Mum?"

"Yes, Albus?"

She had just about finished her morning cup of coffee, which meant she'd be heading to work soon. There was only a short window between his parent's departure each morning, so he had to act quickly.

How could he make this sound...casual?

"So...Malfoy. Who works with Dad. You know him, right?"

Ginny's mug halted a breath from her lips. She smiled stiffly as she set it on the counter. "Yes. We went to school together. And then there's, well. You've heard the stories."

"I don't think he has any kids," he said slowly. "At least I don't know of any Malfoys at school."

"No, I don't think he does," said Ginny, eyeing her son with suspicion. "Why?"

"No reason." Albus opened the cupboard door to pull out a box of biscuits. "Have you met his wife at any of those Ministry shindigs?"

"His wife?" she laughed before catching herself. "No, of course not. He isn't married."

"Huh, wonder why."

"Do you?" Ginny snuck up behind her son, wrapping her arms around his waist to rest a chin on his shoulder. "When did you suddenly become so interested in your father's childhood nemesis?"

Albus couldn't hide the rising blush in his cheeks.

"Does our little Al have a crush?" she teased, pinching his cheek.

"Get off, mum. It's nothing like that. Aren't you going to be late for work?"

He twisted out of her grip, avoiding meeting her eyes as she held back the laughter evident behind her brown eyes.

"He is an attractive man," she said casually, picking up her coffee cup and walking toward the sink. "It really is a shame."

Albus raised an eyebrow. "What's a shame?"

She let out a sigh. "A shame for women everywhere, I'm afraid."

The confusion shifted to realisation as he took in his mom's words. "Malfoy is *gay?"*

Ginny snorted. "I'm starting to doubt you're gay, Al. Honestly. You're completely hopeless when it comes to reading men. You're lucky you're so cute." She winked, ruffling his hair. "Just wait. In a few years, they'll be lining up outside your door."

Albus didn't have a moment to register his mother's words. Malfoy was gay. What were the odds of that?! And it didn't sound like he was seeing anyone, at least not publicly.

Albus couldn't help but smile.

---

"Potter, are you really this much of an imbecile?!" echoed a voice from inside Harry's office. Albus rounded the corner, finding Draco leaning over Harry's desk, the malice mirrored on each man's face.

"Fuck you, Malfoy! It's not my fault that—Al, what are you doing here?"

Albus shifted nervously, raking his fingers through his hair. "Er...I was…."

*Here to see a glimpse of Malfoy, that's what,* he thought. And there he was, leaning over his father's desk. Arse so tight and perfect. Albus nearly fainted from the sight.

To his disappointment, Malfoy turned and looked Albus up and down, regarding him with disgust.

"Wonderful, just what the world needs," he spat, tossing his hands. "Another, Potter."

Draco must have noticed Albus' face drain of colour. The man's pinched features softened as his fury ebbed.

"I...sorry," murmured Albus before he ran out the door.

---

*Fuck. Don't cry.*

Albus had just opened the door to exit the Auror Department when a firm hand grabbed his wrist. Whirling around, Albus nearly collided with Malfoy, who'd been determined to follow him out the door.

"M-Malfoy?"

An amused smirk quirked at the corner of his mouth, his eyes flashing with amusement. "So, you've heard of me? All worship and praise, I'm sure."

"No, I—"

"I must apologise. My behaviour was inexcusable. It is not your fault your father is insufferable."

Albus laughed through his teeth. "Tell me about it."

"Oh, I could. At length, I might add." The man smiled devilishly.

Albus was going to pass out. Malfoy was so close he could touch him. Merlin, he was so fucking hot. Albus wanted to thread his fingers into his blonde hair, pull him in for a kiss. Smell him, feel him, taste him. Up close, Albus could see just how fit he was beneath his clothes. His cock twitched.

"Yeah," he breathed. "Me too…"

Albus' cheeks were hot, his breath ragged. Draco's eyes narrowed with concern.

"Are you alright?"

The look of concern on the man's face made Albus' chest tighten. He nodded.

"I don't want you to think I hold any ill will against you," he said, tapping Albus on the shoulder. "That is all. Good day, Mr Potter."

He turned back down the corridor, leaving Albus all but clutching the doorframe to keep himself upright.

---

Al had tried dating, but nothing ever stuck. No matter how hard he tried, his mind always wandered to white blonde hair and piercing silver eyes.

He would dream of him. Showing up in the Slytherin boy's dormitory, dressed in professor's robes. Striding over to Albus' bed and kissing him hungrily, sliding his hands under his pyjama shirt, biting his lip.

Albus jolted awake, sweaty, panting, and excruciatingly hard.

It had been almost a year of this. It wasn't going away. There was only one option. He'd have to try and do something about it.

---

"I'm sure you wish to train under your father," grumbled Robards, shuffling his papers to lift Albus' Auror Training Application. He squinted at the slanted writing. "Malfoy?" He looked up at Albus, a curious eyebrow raised. "Are you sure? You must...well. Perhaps you should reconsider."

"No, sir," said Albus confidently. "Auror Malfoy is the best, and I want to learn from the best."

Robards scratched his chin. "Very well. I'll see to it." Robards rose from his chair, extending his hand. "Welcome aboard, Trainee Potter."

Albus stood, leaning forward to shake it. "It will be an honour, sir."

---

"Of all the idiotic...Albus, do you want to be an Auror or not?!"

"Of course, I do!"

"He'll want to see you fail just to spite me."

Albus threw his hands in frustration. "Once again, it's always about you! You know what I think? I think you're jealous."

"Jealous? Of that pompous prick? Ta!"

"You hate that I picked him over you."

Harry's anger boiled as he yelled, "He's a good for nothing son of a Death Eater who never should have been allowed in this department to begin with! He has nothing that I don't already possess tenfold."

"You're a right arsehole. You know that?!"

Harry crossed his arms against his chest. "Lesson one. If you don't want to get your arse whooped into next Tuesday, you better fucking start respecting your superiors."

"Funny. I don't see one."

Albus slammed the office door in his father's face.

---

Albus gasped for air as he jolted away, sweat-slick against his skin. He noticed the dampness in his pants. He'd come in his sleep during the most intense sex dream he'd ever had in his life.

He'd flirted with Malfoy, and the man had flushed. Albus couldn't help but hope there was a chance he'd want Albus the same way he did. But that was ridiculous. It had only been one day. Albus had been watching him for over a year. Wanting him. He was a man, and Albus was...barely.

But he never could help the dreams. Sometimes he'd fantasise about kissing Malfoy, spitting insults before claiming his mouth with hunger. But this had been far more than just kisses: his knees up over Malfoy's shoulders as he thrust into him.

Albus shook his head furiously as blood rushed to his cock. No, that would never happen. Malfoy was his father's age. He'd never see him as more than a child—more than Harry Potter's son.

No. Albus was determined. He'd prove just how unlike his father he really was—right down to the desire to be fucked by Draco Malfoy and possibly fuck the man in return.

> He knew what he wanted. He was going to be an Auror. He was going to best his father in every way. Then Malfoy would see him. And maybe, just maybe, he'd want him too.

Draco pulled back, his eyes fluttering open as he met Albus' anxious gaze.

"You…." breathed Draco, looking down at Albus' pink lips, glistening with saliva.

Draco grasped Albus' wrists, pinning him against the wall, their cocks grinding against each other as he claimed his mouth with wild ferocity. Albus did not resist, pressing his groin harder against him, his mouth open and eager for Draco to explore.

Suddenly, Draco felt Albus' wrists tense in his grip, and he could only gasp as the boy broke the binds and spun Draco around to slam him against the wall. Albus made short work of unfastening Draco's trousers as he continued to kiss him. Draco let out a whine into Albus' mouth as the boy slipped his hand into Draco's pants and took his aching cock in hand.

"Fuck…"

Draco thought he would come on the spot. He was no virgin. How did Albus have such a power over him that a mere touch could have him reeling for release? Draco could feel the smile against his lips as he shuddered under the touch, forgetting how to breathe.

"You've wanted this too," Albus purred, his slow stroking intensifying as Draco bucked his hips, biting his lip to hold back the desperate moans.

Draco managed to meet Albus' eyes, burning with want and amusement. Fuck, he was enjoying this, watching Draco writhe beneath him, weakened under the ministrations of a fucking Potter.

Fuck that he was a Potter. Fuck that he was Harry's son. Albus was Albus, and Merlin, Draco had never wanted anyone so desperately in his life. His taunts. His smiles. His strength. But also his tenderness. Draco could see it in his eyes when Draco looked at him with pride. This was passion, need, and desire—but it was so much more.

Draco had been so blind.

With one last thrust into Albus' fist, the boy caught Draco's moan in his mouth as his climax took him, come spilling into Albus' palm, soaking his pants. He all but collapsed against Albus as he milked him slowly, jolts of pleasure radiating through his body.

He was done for.

Albus cast a quick Scourgify, leaving Draco missing the feel of his come slick against his skin, knowing it was all Albus' doing. Albus lifted Draco's chin, searching his eyes for...something. Shame...disgust, most likely. But he found none.

"What do *you* want, *sir?"*

*Oh, Merlin.* "Everything."

Albus smirked, grasping Draco's face to pull him in for another desperate kiss. Draco only hesitated a brief moment before threading his fingers into the thick curls, wrapping his opposite arm around the boy's waist. Not a boy. A man.

He bit Albus' lip, causing the man's breath to hitch, a soft moan escaping into his mouth. Draco deepened the kiss, pressing his stiffening cock hard against Albus' as he rolled his hips, pushing Albus against the edge of the desk.

Draco pulled back with reluctance, only long enough to ward the door and strengthen the silencing charm. This shouldn't be happening, and it sure as hell shouldn't be happening *here,* but Draco no longer cared what he *should* do—what was appropriate or proper. He couldn't stop now if he tried. Albus wanted this, and who was he to deny him when Draco craved it just as intensely. Not a trick. Not a game.

Then Draco was on him again—biting and licking and sucking every inch of skin he could reach. He could feel the pounding of Albus' heart as he kissed along the length of his neck. Albus threw his head back in a moan, his nails digging into Draco's back. Draco pulled back, admiring the small red bite marks that peppered the tan skin.

*Claim.*

Fuck this gorgeous boy with his eyes and freckles and fit body. With his power and strength. Draco slipped a hand down the back of Albus' trousers, clasping a firm buttock as the other slid under his shirt, reclaiming his mouth.

Albus' tugged at the back of Draco's shirt, pulling it free from his trousers to expose smooth pale skin. The heat of strong fingers against his back sent sparks down his spine and straight to his groin. He was hard. Throbbing. He'd come so embarrassingly quickly, but not again. He would take his time.

"Please," whispered Albus against Draco's swollen lips.

Draco took a fistful of Albus' hair, pulling his head back, their eyes locking as Draco growled in response, "Please what?"

Green eyes flashed gold with heat, mouth slightly agape as he stared up at Draco, wanton. He didn't need to say, but Draco needed to hear it for himself. He nipped the corner of Albus' mouth.

"Please what, Potter?" No. Not Potter. "Albus."

The boy's eyes widened. Draco didn't need to use Legilimency to know what thoughts lingered behind those eyes: *Yes. I am yours.*

Bottles and papers flew onto the floor as Draco lifted Albus onto the desk. He slipped his fingers under the hem of his shirt, pulling it up and over Albus' head. Draco's mouth salivated as he admired the toned chest. He let the tips of his fingers drag down along the skin, Albus shuddering and panting as he placed his hands on the desk behind him to hold himself steady.

Draco bent forward and pressed kiss after kiss across the hard chest before taking a stiff nipple between his teeth. Albus gasped, crying out.

"Draco...fuck…."

Draco's head snapped back, looking up at Albus, who stared down at him, eyes wide and panic-stricken. Placing his palm against a warm cheek, Draco brushed his lips against Albus'.

"Say it again," Draco purred.

"Draco." It came out choked and breathless.

"Albus," he growled.

He kissed him hard, fingers knitted in curls as he palmed Albus' cock through his jeans. His back arched as he moaned.

"That's right," said Draco huskily. "I'll have you coming soon enough."

Ignoring the aching need in his cock, Draco knelt before Albus, unzipping his fly to release his cock, its tip dripping with precome. Draco licked his lips as he leaned forward, grazing his tongue against the salty skin. Albus' cock jumped as he cried out.

"Fuck... I never…"

Draco smirked. "Never had your cock sucked?"

"No... I... You…" he panted, moaning as Draco's tongue circled the tip, lapping up the precome. "Mmmm...that you'd want…."

"That a Trainee would bring a Senior Auror to his knees?"

"Oh, Merlin... Fuck!"

Draco took Albus into his mouth, bobbing in earnest as fingers laced into his hair. His own cock, peeking from his open trousers, continued to throb, but Draco's only thought was Albus. Taking his substantial length deep, knocking the back of his throat as Albus cried out, fisting his hair as his hips bucked.

"Draco. Stop... I'm going to…."

Draco didn't stop. He felt the pulse in his mouth before hot come spilt into his throat. Albus gasped and cried out as Draco sucked and licked the come from his cock.

His eyes half-lidded, Albus looked at Draco, his breathing laboured. He looked about to collapse.

"That was…"

"Only the beginning," growled Draco, standing to reveal his own aching arousal, wiping his mouth.

Albus' eyes widened as he stared down at the cock now resting against his own. Any evidence of exhaustion vanished as Albus bit his lip, a growl building in his throat. Draco leaned forward to kiss Albus. Not a hasty clash of tongues and teeth but tender and slow.

"Everything?" asked Draco.

"Everything."

Draco made quick work of his shirt, relishing in Albus' hungry gaze upon his bare chest. He was incredibly fit for his age, and he took pride in it. He hooked his fingers into the waistband of Albus' jeans, tugging them down and over his knees. Albus kicked off his boots, allowing his jeans and pants to fall to the floor.

What a display. A feast. Draco licked his lips as he hooked his hands beneath Albus' knees, pushing them forward to reveal the tight red puckering of skin. Albus' cheeks flushed with apparent embarrassment, but Draco ignored it.

"So beautiful." And he was. Every inch of Albus was perfect.

Draco bit and sucked marks against the tan skin of Albus' thighs, matching his neck and chest. The golden-green eyes were wild. Draco released a knee to cast a wandless lubrication charm, rubbing slick heat against his cock. Silver eyes penetrated Albus' gaze as his fingers traced his entrance. Albus cried out, falling to his elbows as tremors rippled through him.

"Mine." Draco hadn't meant to say it. At least not out loud.

"Yours," Albus whined.

With that, Draco slipped a finger into Albus, the young man clenching around him as he cried out in pleasure.

"Relax, Albus," he said softly, rubbing his thigh. "Relax for me. You want everything. You want my cock."

"Yes!" yelped Albus, panting.

"Then you must relax."

He did. Draco slipped a second finger inside, pumping his fingers in and out as the brunette cried out with each graze of his prostate.

"Such a good boy," cooed Draco. "So lovely. So good."

When Draco deemed him properly stretched, he recast the lubrication spell coating Albus' entrance before grasping his cock. Draco aligned himself with the puckered hole and slowly pressed himself in.

Albus let out a sharp cry as Draco pressed in further, but he did not tell him to stop. "Please," he gasped, tears welling at the corner of his eyes. "Draco…."

Draco's fingers dug into Albus' thighs as he thrust in hard, sinking himself to the hilt. It was so tight. So hot. He thought his cock would melt. It had been so long since he had been with another man, but none of them mattered. None could compare to the beautiful tight arse of this beautiful man.

He pulled back slowly before slamming into him again. He knew the hard surface of the desk had to be rubbing Albus raw, but neither seemed to care. Draco thrust in and out of him, groaning with each moan and cry of his name.

He could never have expected this. It could have been anyone to walk into his office that day. But it had been Albus. Of Albus' own design. To seduce Draco. No. This wasn't a game. This was it. What Draco had spent over twenty years searching for. That feeling often spoke about but had never experienced for himself.

*Mine. Claim.*

*Love.*

Oh, and he would love him. Harry and Robards be damned. No one would take Albus from him. Not that Albus would allow it for an instant. He didn't need Draco in that regard.

"Harder… Draco!"

He did oblige. He slammed into him, quickening his pace. He smirked as he maintained the pace for several thrusts, Albus crumpling against the desk, writhing in pleasure. With one final cry, Albus came in hot spurts across his chest. The sight sparked Draco's building climax. After two violent thrusts, he was spilling himself deep in Albus' heat.

As Draco's pleasure ebbed and he took in the sight of the ruined man before him. A man, but still so young.

"I know what you're thinking," said Albus, lifting himself shakily to a seated position, ignoring the fresh come dripping from his abused hole. He grasped the nape of Draco's neck, pulling him in for a kiss. "I'm not going to change my mind."

"You say that now. You are still so young. Don't waste your youth on—"

"Draco!" barked Albus, his fingers digging into his neck. "I'd be wasting my youth with or without you. I'd prefer the former."

"Are you sure? This isn't— Your father won't allow it."

"You think I care what he thinks? I'm of age. I can do as I please." He wrapped an arm around Draco's waist. "I'd like to do you, thanks," Albus smirked.

"You have to know. Once you are mine, I will never let you go."

Albus smiled. "I've been yours for years now."

Draco's mouth went dry, but he kissed him all the same. "Mine."

"Yours."

---

"Hey Babe, can you grab me one?"

Draco smiled as he poured coffee into his '#1 BOSS' mug. "So thirsty. One would have thought you sated after this morning."

Draco hadn't realised he'd left the office door ajar, and to his horror, he looked up to find a petrified Harry Potter at his threshold. Harry's mouth fell open as he regarded his son, seated casually on the corner of Draco's desk, skimming The Prophet.

"What did he just call you?" seethed Harry, storming into the office, his cheeks reddening as he gritted his teeth.

Draco regained his composure and brandished a cocky grin. "I told him I prefer darling, but he insists."

Harry swipes the mug from Draco's grasp, smashing it onto the floor. Albus looked up at that, jumping off the desk and managed a quick Protego before Harry's fist could connect with Draco's jaw. The force of the shield knocked Harry to the floor.

"Don't fucking touch him...Auror Potter."

Harry scrambled back to his feet, nostrils flaring. Draco placed a hand against Albus' waist. "It's alright, Al. Calm down."

"What have you done?!" Harry bellowed at Draco. His knuckles were white as his fists clenched tighter.

"Nothing I wasn't begging for!"

"Albus," hissed Draco.

Albus wanted to continue, but he heeled all the same. He closed his eyes and sucked in a deep breath before releasing it slowly. Draco could feel the tension leaving Albus upon the exhale.

"Dad," he said flatly, opening his eyes to meet his father's gaze of fury and confusion. "Draco's not just my mentor. He's my lover." His eyes sparkled as he beamed at Draco, and Draco grinned back. "My partner. I love him."

"No. You can't." Harry's fury wavered, face wracked with concern. "He's—"

Albus' head whipped around to face his father. "He's what?" he spat. "Too *old?* You fucking hypocrite."

Draco winced, and Harry blanched.

"Albus…."

"Yeah, I know about Severus—why you named me after him. Why you are so fucking *miserable!"*

Bewildered by this declaration, Draco's gaze snapped to Albus, then back at Harry's petrified expression. Harry whirled around, slamming the door behind him.

"How?" he said gruffly, still facing the door.

"Professor Snape told me."

Harry spun around at that. "He *told* you? How?!"

"His portrait."

Harry's face fell. "Why would he—"

"I'd talk to him from time to time when I was at school. Former head of my house and all. Seemed to seek me out. It wasn't until just before I graduated that he told me why."

Harry gulped, clutching to the door handle to keep himself upright.

"I reminded him of you. His *lover."*

Draco placed a hand on Albus' shoulder, giving it a tight squeeze. "Let him breathe, Al."

"I— I didn't—" stuttered Harry.

"I know," said Albus softly, pulling from Draco's grip to approach his father. "You loved him. He loved you."

Harry was shaking. Draco couldn't help but gape at the scene. Harry and Professor Snape?! Impossible…

"This wasn't the life you wanted. I know that," continued Albus. "I can see it in your eyes. Every day. Mum's too."

"Al… I…."

"Can't you understand? Can't you see that this is the life *I* want?"

Harry's gaze fell to the floor.

"I'm sorry about Severus, Dad. From what I can tell, he was a good man."

Harry's eyes clamped shut, tears threatening to fall. "He was…" He looked back up at Albus. "You haven't told…."

"Told anyone else? Course not. That's your business. Though I reckon Mum already knows." He turned to take Draco's hand in his own. "But here I am sharing mine."

Harry looked from Albus' sincere expression to Draco's concern. "But...*Malfoy?"*

Albus shrugged, smiling. "Yeah. Malfoy. I know it's not easy to accept. It will probably take a while, but you'd best get used to it. Nothing's going to change."

Draco wrapped his arms around Albus' neck from behind, nuzzling his face into his curls. "My brave, reckless boy," he whispered.

"If you love me at all," said Albus to his father, leaning into Draco's embrace. "You'll want me to be happy. I know I wish you could be too."

"I do... I am. In my own way."

Harry clutched his chest. Albus hated to see him like this, in so much pain, clearly as broken as the mug left shattered on the floor. Albus slipped from Draco's arms and took a step forward to pull his father against him. Draco's own heart clenched tight at the sight of Harry crumpling against him, shaking with sobs.

"I'm sorry, Dad. I'm so sorry."

Harry clutched onto him, meeting Draco's eyes. He could see it in those green eyes, so like Albus' yet so different. Acceptance. Trust. When he finally pulled himself away, Harry turned to approach Draco.

"Don't give me a reason to leave you flayed on another bathroom floor."

*"Dad!"*

Draco's jaw clenched. He sucked in a breath, releasing it slowly. "I don't plan to."

Harry nodded sharply before heading out the door without a backward glance.

"Albus….why didn't you say anything?" asked Draco as the door clicked shut.

"I was waiting...for when I needed it. I knew I would."

"That was….harsh."

"He wouldn't have gone along with it otherwise."

"Maybe not." Draco pulled Albus in close, kissing him deeply. "But you'll need to apologise properly."

Albus sighed as he wrapped his arms around Draco's waist. "I know."

Draco laced his fingers into the soft curls, pressing their foreheads together.

"I love you," Albus whispered. "I want to share as much of this life with you as I can. I won't take any of it for granted. I don't want to end up like…."

Draco brushed his lips against Albus'. "You won't. I promise."

"I need you," whined Albus, pressing into Draco.

"And I you."

"No, I *need* you."

Oh. Draco could feel Albus' growing hardness against him, his eyes flashing with heat. Albus forced Draco to his knees before him.

"Mine," said Albus, grazing a finger across Draco's cheek.

Draco's hands glided up along Albus' thighs, taking hold of his belt.

"Yours."

End Notes

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